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BUT THEE.

Watching the shadows come and go,
Watching the constant sea-waves flow,
Watching the faithful star-lights glow,
I see but thee.

List'ning to winds that softly sing,
List'ning to Hope's gay carolling,
List'ning to Mem'ry's Bells that ring,
I hear but thee.

Speaking of all that's good and pure,
Speaking of Love that shall endure,
Speaking of joy from blight secure,
I speak of thee.

Praising the deed that can but bless,
Praising the words of tenderness,
Praising the smile that soothes distress,
I praise but thee.

Kissing the loveliest flower that grows,
Kissing the brightest dew that glows,
Kissing the sweet heart of the Rose,
I kiss but thee.

Loving the fairest form I meet,
Loving the troth fond lips repeat,
Loving all things divine and sweet,
I love but thee.

List'ning to Autumn winds that sigh,
Watching the gath'ring rack sail by,
Knowing despair and death draw nigh,
I see but thee.

LITTLE SERVANTS.

In pursuance of our notification of last week we now give our lady readers "Faith Fenton's" account, under the above heading, of what is being done in Toronto towards remedying the scarcity of really good domestic servants which, throughout the Dominion, causes them so much and so serious inconvenience.

Very few Toronto ladies are aware that our city boasts of a training school for servants, and yet any of them who will walk to the corner of Richmond and Sheppard streets will find such to be the case.

A very small school it is, certainly, and owning somewhat youthful pupils; but they work so heartily, sing so merrily, and accomplish such satisfactory results that many of our housekeepers who groan under the infliction of incompetent domestics would gladly avail themselves of the services of these trained little fingers and nimble feet in preference to the adult essence of stupidity with which they daily contend.

It was a bright afternoon recently when I found a spare hour in which to watch these young folks at their minature housekeeping. A few rays of sunshine crept through the windows and shot in a shining stream down the long, low tables, which, with chairs of a corresponding height, constituted the chief furnishings of the rather dreary room.

Ranged on either side of the table were some 25 little maids, white-capped and aproned, their ages varying between ten and fifteen years. On the tables were placed various diminutive household implements, which they used in turn. as the exigencies of each lesson demanded.

A pretty set of metal dishes, a tiny doyley and an oblong wooden tray were placed in front of each child, and then followed a practical lesson on table laying, every movement being carefully supervised by the teacher.

After this came the dish washing, a proceeding which the little girls seemed to enjoy. Small tin bowls were given them, together with diminutive dish-cloths, and drying towels; then followed the pretence of washing up the shining utensils, and a very enjoyable pretence these imaginative young workers made of it, while they sang a cheery direction song, embodying such rules as—

First the glasses, wash them well,
If you do them nicely all can tell;
In hot water if knives lay
Crack will go the handles, teachers say.

Then a brief rest ensued, and scrubbing brushes were brought out, the dimpled arms were bared, and after a few directions from the teacher, a vigorous table scrubbing began, the swish of the brushes making a musical accompaniment to the children's voices.

Scrubbing away at the break of day
To make our home so cleanly,
For a good hard scrub is the very best way
To make our home smell sweetly.

Following this was a lesson in washing, when dainty sets of dolls' garments were duly cleansed and hung on wire lines to dry. This lengthy process was interspersed with a catechism by the teacher asking and receiving a reason for each step, thus developing the reasoning faculty, in which the servant of the present day seems so strangely deficient. Indeed, throughout my whole visit I noticed the constant interrogation of the instructress, her oft repeated, "why" bringing out the thoughtful "because" of her scholars, and enabling them to pass judgment upon the method of working.

Then there were lessons in bed-making and sweeping. In the former case a small bed, completely and neatly equipped, was experimented upon by two of the young house-maids, while their companions looked on and criticised the work. It was rather a pretty sight to see the business-like air with which the wee women went to work, stripping the bed, airing the linen, turning the mattress, shaking the pillows, then smoothing, coaxing and tucking each coverlet into order again, until a final pat of the little lace pillow shams proclaimed their work finished.

I could not refrain from wishing, as I looked at the smooth level of the coverlet, that our own particular Bridget could be induced to take a few lessons from the children, and learn that the surface of a bed is not necessarily a mountain range, with low-lying valleys between.